Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
Moun. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the Law should end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an Interest in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit

Enter Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see todoe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of loue to blind,
It best agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse maiden-heads
Hood my vnmand bloud baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till strange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For

For thou wilt lie vpon the win
Whiter then snow vpon a Rau
Come gentle night, come loui
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when
Take him and cut him out in l
And he will make the face of h
That all the world will be in l
And pay no worship to the ga
O I haue bought the mansion
But not possest it, and though
Not yet enioyd, so tedious is
As is the night before some fes
To an impatient child that hat
And may not weare them, O h

Enter Nur

And shee brings newes and eue
But *Romeos* name, speakes heau
Now *Nurse*, what newes? wha
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee
Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iuliet. Ay me, what newes?
Nur. A weladay, hees dead
We are vndone Lady, we are v
A lacke the day, hees gone, hee
Iu. Can heauen be so enviou
Nur. *Romeo* can.
Though heauen cannot. O *Rom*
Who euer would haue thought
Iu. What diuell art thou, tha
This torture should be rored in
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say
And that bare vowell I shall po
Then the death-darting eye of C
I am not I, if there be such an I,
Or those eyes shot, that makes t
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no
Briefe, sounds, determine my w

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